ness, of that delicacy of features, which at first made us take him for Spanish.

I am with Gheon. Alexandra says as he accosts us: *'I have just lost my wife/' (The little Aline with whom he had been living for a year.) "We quarreled too much," he adds. And lie tells how, on New Year's Eve, when he had been even more brutal than usual., the poor girl, unable to stand it any longer, had fled to a friend's. The other girl, a morphine addict, advised her to take an injection. Did Aline make a mistake in measuring the dose? or did she deliberately increase it? . . . She took so much that an hour later she was dead,

"You must have read it in the papers," says Alexandre by way of conclusion.

I ask him rather stupidly if this saddened him greatly,

"Of course!" he says; "we were very much in love. . . . And besides, now I don't know how to get along."

She used to bring in considerable money since the time when lie gave up his original craft as a diamond-cutter. While waiting to make up his mind on a new trade, he dabbles in them all; and God only knows how many there are! Ah, if he only didn't lie, how much one would learn Just to hear him talk! . . .

He claims to be completely secure from the police (they almost all say that); and ho relates his tricks endlessly. We go into a little cafe on the boulevard Montmartre and, on the marble-topped table, where he orders a hot milk, I a kirsch, and Gh6on a sort of syrup, he spreads out his papers. His wallet is full of excellent recommendations, letters from jewelers for whom he used to work, etc, . „ ,

<e"And look! Search me if you wish; I never keep a paper that might compromise me/*

Yet here is a letter from a state engineer, on a mission in Tonkin; a photograph of the engineer surrounded by Tonkinese men and women.

Then another letter from the same, which he reads us and for which an anti-administration newspaper would pay dearly. . . . The engineer tells everything they are doing over there and especially what they are not doing; all they are costing the state and the little return they are giving. If I could only have made a copy! . . . In short, Alexandre would like to go and join his friend, whose constant companion he was for over two years. They lived, ate, and slept together. The engineer rarely went out, but he almost never went anywhere without Alexandre, whom he passed off as his cousin. He has been gone six months now,,

Then Alexandre tells about last summer, his season at Trouville and Havre. Two women, one in Trouville and the other in Havre, kept him, He spent his days with one, and with the other his nights. Every morning he took the Trouville boat and went to play the races or the casino. Every evening he took the Havre boat back again.